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VOL. XII. New Series--Vol. 1.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1896.

NO. 41.

THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things
Present, Past and Future.

The Norfolk Pilot recently gave a very interesting article on the oyster and fish industries of Virginia. We give some figures taken from the article as to Norfolk's interest in the oyster industry:

"For snucking and preparing these oysters for other markets, there are about twenty firms engaged in this business in Norfolk and its suburbs. The total catch for a season will average about 2,000,000 bushels. The season lasts eight months, say from September 1st to April 30th, and boats carrying from ten bushels to hundreds of bushels are constantly employed to supply the demand for this and other cities. In 1878 the estimate made of our oyster trade was \$350,000 and in 1886 had grown to the surprising amount of \$2,500,000 per annum. Our State authorities reported in the last year named that there were 18,864 persons engaged in fisheries, all of which are in Tidewater Virginia. Norfolk being the centre of this great business, the report gives the capital employed at \$1,914,119, and the value of the products more than \$4,000,000."

"KING COTTON'S SLAVES."

Such is the heading of an article in the New York Independent July 30, 1896, by Wallace Putnam Reed, of Conyers, Ga. The writer declares that the Southern farmer is a slave to cotton, or rather under cotton as the medium he is a slave to the merchant. He represents the Southern merchants as merciless Shylocks, grinding the farmers of that section under the wheel of intolerable oppression. He says the Southern farmer has only one cash crop and that the merchant takes advantage of it and compels the farmer to produce cotton for six cents even if it costs ten cents to do it.

Some parts of the article are true. The farmer in some sections of the South certainly has no other crop that will bring him as much ready money as his cotton crop; but there is no such general state of affairs as the Independent's correspondent describes. The article has a tendency to prejudice Western and Northern farmers against their chances in the South and thus may serve to hinder them from coming here. All of which is very wrong and unfair both to the great possibilities of the South itself and the opportunities it offers farmers in other sections for improving their condition.

The article has been thoroughly and successfully answered by Mr. R. H. Edmunds, editor of the Manufacturers' Record.

We give the concluding paragraph of Mr. Edmunds' reply to Mr. Reed:

"As to Northern farmers in the South, for ten years or more colonies and individual settlers from the North and West have been moving to the South in constantly increasing numbers, and to-day scattered all over the South there are many thousands of prosperous and happy Northern families living well and making money. The writer has had within the last three years many hundreds of letters from Northern farmers who have lived in the South from one to fifteen or more years, who bear eager and enthusiastic testimony to the wonderful agricultural advantages of the South—the 'cotton territory' of the South—in soil, in diversity of products, in early maturity of crops and cheapness of producing them, in length of growing season, in low cost of living. They have proclaimed that they were infinitely better off than they would have been if they had not moved South, that they were contented and happy, and that on no account could they be induced to give up their Southern homes. Hundreds of these letters have been published, with the names and addresses of the writers of them.

"The space available for this article is limited. It is impossible to make any enumeration of successful and prosperous Northern farmers and communities of Northern farmers in the South, or do more than point out one or two facts in the great mass of evidence that might be brought out to prove that the farmers in the cotton territory are no longer, as a class, the 'Slaves of King Cotton' that such of them as still remain in this bondage have open to them abundant avenues of escape afforded by a great variety of profitable crops; that the cotton region is marvelously rich in conditions favorable to successful agriculture independent of cotton, and that these conditions are being more and more every year realized and profitably availed of by farmers from other parts of the country."

STRANGE CASE.

WHERE JOHN HAD BEEN.

A True Story.

Harper's Magazine.

After the battle of Bull Run, when the whole country was holding up its hands in dismay and breathing hard in the first realization that the war was not, after all, to be a picnic for the Northern troops, I, together with many other doctors and surgeons, rushed into Washington from distant cities. I was taken one night, by a kind old Negro woman to her cabin on the edge of the city. She came to me in tears. "Doctah, I des wisht yoh come an' see my John. He 'pears mon's'ous cur'ous, an' he act des like he 'stracted.'"

At her cabin I found her son, a tremendous fellow, as black as coal and evidently an athlete, with no evidence of a wound upon him, but with a tendency to bear off to one side as he walked, an apparent inability to talk, and possessed of a persistent effort to march and keep time to martial music, which he could not do.

Aunt Martha, as she called herself, and asked me to call her, told me that her son had always been strong and healthy, and when he left Washington with the army he was perfectly sound and "des like de res' of de folks; but dey fetch him back to his po' ole mammy des like yoh see him, doctah, an' I des skeered plumb outen my wits, dat I is." I examined John carefully and could find not the least thing the matter with him, and half believed he was shamming.

The room was whitewashed, and I noticed a streak entirely around it that was so evenly drawn that attracted my attention; but in the stirring events of those days I really paid scant heed to so trifling a case as John's, and so apparently trivial an indication as that level streak on the wall. His mother was still talking. "De reasons dat all de table'an' cheers is in de floor, doctah, is dat John he des runs inter all of 'em if dey close t' de wall. 'Pears like he des 'bleeged t' skim along close up as eber he kin. Dat dar streak is whar his elbow scrapes along all day an' all night, 'cep' when somebody's sittin' holding' his han' er feelin' his pulst, like you is now." Young and inexperienced as I was, even this did not give me a clue, and I left Aunt Martha and John after giving some trifling advice and remedy, both of which I knew to be wholly innocuous.

I spent several years in Paris and in Germany after the war, and it was not until 188—that I was back in Washington. We had an international convention there at the time, and were taken to various public institutions, among which was a little asylum for poor and insane negroes.

In one room, as we were passing the door, I happened to observe on the whitewashed wall a well-worn streak drawn so level and circling the room so perfectly that it called to my mind a vision which I had wholly forgotten. Memory was coming back to me and slowly taking up the threads of the war days, when one of the resident physicians, who had missed me and returned, said, as he joined me at the grated door:

"Strange case. He has been like that for years. No one knows why. He is perfectly harmless as to taking care of himself, and he walks and talks, day and night, and always bears to the left. If we let him out he'd bear off to the left and go into the river or the fire, or lose himself in the woods. He never talks, although we have never found anything the matter with him. He eats and sleeps pretty well. Strange case."

Before noon the next day we had John's small room looking like a hospital operating-room, and the great black frame lay on the table under the influence of ether. Five of us stood around him, and I told them my theories and plans. My colleagues warmed to the idea and the work.

you. You are all right now. How do you feel?"

"Fus rate, thankee, sir; fus rate. Which side heked yisteday? Ourn?" "Yes, John. But you must not talk now. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow."

I stayed in Washington a month to watch his case and ask him some questions, but he never understood one of them. The battle of Bull Run had been "yisteday" to him, and if he had dreamed, the dreams had taken flight at the touch of the knife and fled from the lifted skull.

When he began to walk he had no farther tendency to trend to the left. His health, which was always good, enabled him to recuperate with great speed from the operation, and he is today supporting Aunt Martha try driving the carriage of one of the best-known Senators at the capital. I still look upon John as about my most valuable piece of stage property (so to speak) in surgery.

HELEN H. GARDNER.

A QUESTION.

If you will kindly tell me, please, What animal I am, I shall be very thankful— I'm grandma's "blessed lamb."

My brother Archie says "that kid" "Upsets our whole big house; And when I tease my grandpa, I'm just his "little mouse."

I give Aunt Bess a letter, and she says, "Thank you, my dear, And then I'm papa's "monkey," Which certainly is queer.

And uncle Charlie says I'm stubborn As a "good-sized mule," My mamma calls me her "sweet-heart," When I've been good at school.

Now, this is all confusing To a man who is so wee, I call myself just "Teddy;" Pray, what would you call me? —The Queen.

A High Calling.

Charlotte Observer. There is something very frank and manly and straight-forward in the confession of the Hon. John B. Gordon, of Georgia, to a reporter for the daily press, and which appeared in this paper recently, wherein the distinguished Georgian, with some feeling, stated that he felt that his life-mission was to promote good feeling between the sections of our common country once so bitterly alienated by civil war. He truly, but yet modestly, expressed the opinion that he had "done the State some service" in this way, and hoped, although well along in the years of his life, for continued length of days in which to prosecute this kindly mission. Deep down under the selfish natures of us all, if we be true gentlemen and gentlemen, and to the manner born, there is an inner court, a holy of holies, somewhere close to the heart, perhaps, where amid the everburning incense of love, a royal purpose has its throne, receiving the constant homage of pure thoughts and kindly wishes—a purpose to make the world better for having lived in it. The Golden Rule is graven over the portal that opens into this sacred shrine.

Perhaps this is the abiding-place of men's good angels. It is too rarely, alas, and only in our better moments, that we draw aside the curtains to show the world the good that is in us. It is such a suspicious, uncharitable world, which so often does not recognize good when it sees it. But such a glimpse we have in the confession of this gray haired Southern gentleman, one of nature's noblemen, whose name, when some day the Angel makes out the list of those whom God approves because they loved their fellow-men, will, Ben Adhem-like, lead all the rest. If we might only live so that, when we are gathered to our fathers, men, in recalling our life-work, would involuntarily be reminded of the story of the Good Samaritan, then indeed should we have proven that life were worth the living, and after its fitful fever we should sleep well.

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LETTER FROM CHINA.

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

The First Firing.

IV.

It seems that China and Japan both claimed to have a great interest in Korea, which is a very rich country. So in June, 1894, Korea asked aid from China in quelling a small rebellion. China sent 5,000 troops. Japan protested this was a violation of the treaty of more than 30 years ago under which neither power was to send troops without letting the other know. These troops seized Seoul, which is the capital of Korea. Then began troubles between Peking and Tokyo, the capitals of China and Japan. While the two governments were armng each was preparing troops and the Chinese thought to slip 2,000 men into Korea before the fighting began, by sending them in the British steamer Kowshing. They thought the Japanese would be afraid to fire on any steamer flying the British flag and that the troops would be landed without being interfered with, and that if the Japanese men-of-war interfered with the transport they would involve Japan in a dispute with England. The Chinese shipped their picked men of artillery on this steamer, placing them under two generals, who had instructions not to surrender in any event. When the steamer Kowshing entered the Korean waters early in the morning on July 25th, three Japanese men-of-war the Nariwa, Yoshino and the Takachibo, were cruising off the coast not far from Yasu, when they saw the Chinese men-of-war, the Tsi-yun and Kwang-yu. Then a skirmish took place in which the Chinese got the worst. The Kwang-yu was sunk, the Tsi-yun took flight and was sighted by the Kowshing which was just entering the bay. The Nariwa on sighting the Kowshing, signaled her to heave to and she obeyed the order. The Japs sent some of their officers on board the transport and told the captain he must follow them to Japan. The captain saw there was no use to resist and was about to obey instructions when the two Chinese generals objected and said they would die before they would submit to the Japanese and they placed guards around the British captain and Chinese officers gave instructions to the soldiers to cut their throats if any one carried out the orders of the Japanese. The Japs tried further persuasion and finding it useless fired into the Kowshing and sunk her. The captain and mate and 120 soldiers and sailors were saved. Most of the soldiers were allowed to drown. The captain and mate were very kindly treated by the Japanese. The Japs paid them for all they had lost on the steamer that was sunk. The captain said when the steamer was sinking he sprang from the bridge into the water and on coming to the surface found the Chinese firing bullets at him from the deck.

I have seen the Kowshing as she lay after she was sunk. I will never forget the war between China and Japan, for I saw the most of it.

C. T. CURRIE.

Cuba to be Devastated.

Selected. A campaign of total destruction of property will shortly be inaugurated in Cuba by the Cubans. The Provisional Government of the republic has so ordained in a proclamation dated in the Province of Santiago on July 13. By this destruction a two-fold object is to be obtained. The loss of an immense cash income is expected to shorten Spain's warfare, and the conversion of the island into a wilderness to compel her to withdraw her armies. All classes of property, whether foreign owned or not, are liable to be treated alike, as all pay tribute to Spain. The dread necessity for wholesale destruction is laid entirely upon the need of the further and complete ruin for Spain of the money producing power of Cuba.

The proclamation further prohibits any preparation for the coming sugar season, either in planting, cultivation or care of the sugar cane; forbids case grinding during the coming season, and holds all planters who disobey all or any part of the proclamation to be traitors subject to the penalty of death.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Elves Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding la grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at E. T. Whitehead & Co.'s Drug Store. Regular size 50c and \$1.

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